Blood to Give

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Blood to Give

by nike_of_samothrace

Summary

Cleaning the stables goes horribly wrong when Eren goes to save Levi from an attack. Self-worth is easy to get rid of, but tougher to build.

Notes

I don’t know how I feel about this because I’ve been in and out of writer’s block, but I wanted to deliver just more classic whump. classic classic whump. So here it is for those who want it!

Also just feeling in general is weird. School started again and it’s my last semester, so it’s like im in life purgatory. Let me know what you think, and if you have any ideas for stuff you’d like to see, I’m open to that too!! I feed on ideas and love knowing what’s going on in other people’s brains. Hope you enjoy the work.

See the end of the work for more notes

Terminate Levi. That was the goal of the man who crept about the stables, where Levi had been at this time every day this week. Then, he would be on his way back to the church of the Walls, and they'd revel around him. He'd be a saviour, even, by securing humanity's protection inside Rose.

Shut up and listen to Hange. That was what Levi had said to Eren in admonishment of the shifter's repulsion to the crazy scientist's experiments. Yesterday it had hurt, apparently, so Eren dreaded doing anything with Hange again. But it was just a finger, for crying out loud. Temporarily cutting off one of Eren's fingers for permanent knowledge about shifter anatomy and securing the world beyond the Walls.

Levi supposed that if he were in Eren's shoes, he might also have been a bit adverse to the exercise at first. But it was for humanity, and it wasn't his fault the brat was dealt a shit deck. So now here they both were in the stables, Eren joining Levi in evening cleaning as a lenient punishment for his resistance to the cause.

Your body isn't yours anymore, was what Levi had said to Eren. *It's a tool. Suck it up and devote your heart*. That had done it, because when those words came out of Levi's mouth, they scorched Eren to the bone. It must have reminded the boy what he signed up for, the way he was quiet ever since supper. And now they were mucking the stables in the light of the hanging lantern, cleaning the hell out of the place. It was an activity that gave Levi comfort before retreating to his quarters for the night. He could tell Eren thought differently of the situation, though. That's why it was the perfect punishment.

They finished up in good time, there being two of them, and Eren passed Levi towards the back of the stables to put away the broom. Levi hung his empty bucket up on a hook.

Briefly, a clang came from behind, and Levi's brow furrowed as he turned towards the noise. There was just Eren in front of the haybales, wiping his hands on his arguably dirtier pants. He too looked around in surprise at the noise, and was confused to see that his broom had fallen over.

Eren moved to put it back, and Levi turned and shook his head.

Wait.

Levi spun back around to look at where Eren fixed the broom. All the tools hung on the wall, but there was no pitchfork in its usual spot.

"Eren," Levi called, knowing he was going to get attitude like he'd been getting all day. "Did you move the pitchfork?"

From behind the haybales, a shadowy figure darted towards Levi with a tool that carried a silver glint. The man pushed past Eren, but the shifter's brain connected that the pitchfork was about to hit Levi, so he jumped in front of his captain to move him out of the way, to *save* humanity's strongest-

The pitchfork struck him diagonally on his chest, the four spears sinking into his skin easily. The force of the assault sent him stumbling backwards into more stacked bales of straw behind him. Soft and prickly at first, after there was nowhere to move back to, Eren was pressed into the straw hard as the pitchfork plunged deeper into him. Plunged back into the *straw*.

Even after passing out, Eren was slumped over, kept upright by the weapon that went clean through his abdomen and was stuck in the bales.

Levi didn't falter when his subordinate was hit. Eren's shove wasn't hard enough to completely knock him to the muddy stable ground, and before standing, Levi made for the knife tucked into his boot.

The man let go of the pitchfork, seemingly surprised at hitting Eren instead of Levi. In the time it took for him to process the situation, Levi swung, and the blade of his knife found itself buried in the man's neck. A spurt of blood spewed out, and when Levi removed the knife, he gave the man a hate-filled kick away.

The man was on his knees in an instant, then on his side, and finally, flat on his back with eyes staring up at nothingness.

Levi let out a puff of breath.

Eren.

Levi wasted a precious split second to construct a plan. There was a first aid kit in the stables, and looking at Eren, he'd definitely need it.

Levi moved closer to Eren, whose head was ducked, the fringe of his hair falling like a curtain in front of his face. The shifter and captain were at the same height this way, so Levi grabbed Eren's chin to lift his head up.

It was soaked with blood, too.

"Eren," Levi called, although recognising how pointless it was. Eren was out, and that wouldn't bring him back. Crimson blood stained Levi's fingertips as he gingerly scanned Eren for signs of life.

He brought his hand to Eren's lips. First there was warm blood that trickled out of his mouth, but after a moment, Levi felt what he was searching for. A hint of a breath. Eren was alive.

In his sprint to retrieve the first aid kit, Levi stepped over the man he had just killed, lying in horse shit and walls knows what else. It still wasn't enough punishment for causing this.

But Levi had to focus on Eren, not the revenge the younger one deserved.

The kit was packed behind horse paraphernalia, collecting dust. Levi ripped it off the shelf along with about five other things that clattered to the ground, but were immediately forgotten about as Levi returned to Eren.

Gauze. He'd need gauze, and a lot of it. Eren's shirt was saturated with blood that seeped out at an alarming rate. A normal person would not survive this.

But Eren was no normal person.

And he was humanity's saviour. So he *couldn't* die, or they would be royally fucked. But before that, he was Levi's responsibility. He was his soldier, and preferably, Levi didn't want his soldiers to die under his command.

Levi gripped Eren's shoulder with one hand, and with the other, put his palm around the pitchfork handle. He would have to be very precise with what he was about to do.

Slowly and steadily, Levi positioned Eren's weight to rest on him. Stepping back, he pulled the pitchfork out of the straw at the same pace he walked. As soon as the pitchfork was free of the straw, Eren's full weight was on Levi, and he lowered them both to the ground.

The pitchfork still impaled Eren, but it also kept him from bleeding out. Conversely, it also prevented him from healing, so Levi would need to get his shit together and figure out what to do with Schrödinger's titan.

Eren was on his knees and leaned over, so the pitchfork handle sat on the ground. Levi wasted no time wrapping the gauze tightly as possible around the top of Eren's front, then top of the back, then bottom of his front, then bottom of his back, over and over again until the gauze stopped immediately turning scarlet.

There was no carrying Eren to the infirmary with a fucking *pitchfork* impaling him.

Gently, Levi pulled Eren into a side hug, and appreciated how the shifter was unconscious as he slid the metal prongs out of his body. He felt the weight of the tool slip away, and as soon as it did, a fresh wave of blood soaked the gauze, but the hissing of steam was present, too. It was a sign of life.

The hand behind Levi scrunched at his shirt.

Levi's attention snapped from deciding how to lift Eren to scrutinizing him. His eyes were clenched shut in pain, instead of being closed in peaceful oblivion. He was awake.

A choked sound gurgled up from his throat, eliciting the taste of copper as blood dribbled from over Eren's lips. It was followed by another cough, and some more blood splattered onto Levi's shirt.

"Ow," Eren mumbled. "Hurts."

"No shit, brat. It's okay. I've got you."

Any resistance Eren emitted vaporized into nothing as he collapsed his weight into his captain's arms. Levi swung his arms below Eren's knees and cradled his head low into his chest, because the last thing his subordinate needed was to choke on his own blood.

Your body isn't yours anymore.

That didn't mean Eren's pain was worth less than theirs. That didn't mean he was secondary. But Levi was still doused with graveness, because Eren must have thought that way.

This stupid kid in his arms hung on to every last word he muttered with pride. Pride of working under Levi. It was plain to see to anyone who looked. So of *course* Eren would sacrifice himself for Levi, knowing he had a better chance to survive. Something he wouldn't have known without the experiments he was made to do.

It didn't matter. After this whole fiasco was over, Levi would have to beat it into Eren's head that his body and pain was worth just as much as the next person's. It wasn't fair to let Eren take everyone's hits. No one was meant to go through things like this, let alone multiple times.

Levi didn't even know he was heading for the infirmary until that was where he ended up, boot slamming the door to the opposite wall with a bang.

It was empty, with the only illumination in the form of moonlight streaming through the windows.

The moment Levi placed Eren onto the closest bed, he curled his knees into himself. His eyes were scrunched shut tight, not interested in looking at where he was or at why his chest hurt so much.

Levi shoved a bucket into Eren's lap. "Here."

Levi could recognise when a soldier was about to throw up. He had seen that face a million times. But what Eren coughed into the bucket was still nothing but ruby red blood that his body expelled as it worked on unfucking itself up.

Levi grabbed two cloths from a nearby counter and rinsed them thoroughly under a basin. One for his hands, where he couldn't even see his skin under the grime. And one for Eren.

First Levi wiped Eren's forehead, which was overheating like mad. Then he brought the soft cloth to Eren's chin to wipe at least some of the blood away.

"Done," Eren muttered, pushing the bucket across the bed for Levi to move. Then he crashed back into his pillow, legs curled inwards, eyes closed, steam emanating from the bandages.

Levi didn't go to sleep. He wasn't even sure he blinked in the time it took for the moon to move across the sky. At some point, he would have to fill out a stupid fucking incident report. But that could wait until after the sun finished rising.

Walls, he was going to have to talk to this kid and shake some serious survival instinct into his head.

"Please stop with the death wish stuff. This isn't what we meant by saying what we said earlier. About you belonging to the state. What you have to say *matters*, and what I'm trying to say is… thanks for saving my life, brat. But never do that again."

“I wasn’t even thinking about what you guys said earlier,” Eren responded, his voice sleepy. “It just made sense to do that.”

“Well,” Levi said, mildly shocked at Eren’s alertness. “I appreciate it.”

A knock came from the door, and Hange stepped in. “I couldn’t help but overhear! Hey, Eren. Shortie.”

“Shitty glasses. It’s fucking rude to eavesdrop.”

“I come in peace! And you sort of already said what I was going to, so thanks a lot.”

Eren pushed himself up into a sitting position. “It’s really all okay. I feel better already. It just aches.”

“Doesn’t matter,” Levi snapped. “You’re resting for the rest of the night. And getting up late tomorrow. Forget morning routine.”

Hange grabbed a stool and dragged it towards the bed. She pulled a deck of cards out of her uniform and dropped the stack on the side of Eren’s bed.

“Can I deal you in, Levi? It’s this or paperwork.”

Levi stared at the cards with the same amount of disdain as fondness, then met Hange’s gaze. Her eyes were… *beady*, to say the least, and her leg was bouncing in restlessness.

“Fine,” Levi said. “You win.”

End Notes

Schrödinger existing is canon

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